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Mean You!

Promise me again that with your Sweetest honey

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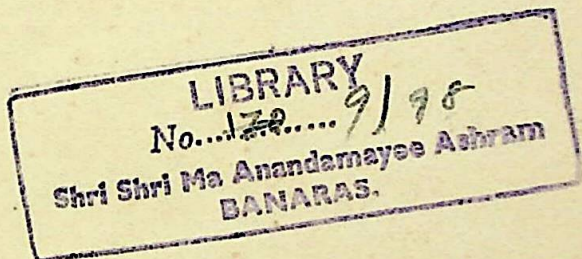
My lotus core you fill !



Swami Pratyagatmananda Saraswati

172

17/98



9/98

Mean You!

Swami Pratyagatmananda Saraswati

Published by

P. GHOSH

Trading as Messrs. P. Ghosh & Co.,
20, College Street Market, Calcutta—12.

Price Re. 1—4 As. (Indian)

„ **2 Shillings (foreign)**

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Printed by

Sunil Chandra Paul

at the **Benly Press**

121-B, Sitaram Ghosh Street
Calcutta-9.



Swami PRATYAGATMANANDA SARASWATI

9/98

MEAN YOU



You elude, and avert my longing look,
And your ankle-bell drops a wondering cue :
My rhyme wanders and shies,
Theme sighs in a moody nook :
They seek and shy, but, O my Player !

MEAN YOU !



MEAN YOU



You climb and away up to the top
And your white-bell shows a wondrous one :
The rhyme wanders and dies
There sits in a lonely nook :
There rest and the top of my Player

MEAN YOU



FOREWORD

The author of these poems is a Yogi, who has passed the days of his life in deep thought and study, meditation and contemplation, worship and prayer. It is natural for him to divert the outward streaming senses from the objective world : and, having known the fixed pole in the whirl of phenomena, to direct them to the subjective. With the resulting 'interiorization,' his consciousness dawns on a world beyond this one of sight and sound. He, therefore, sings here of the peace, joy and rapture that await them who are restless with a divine discontent to reach the land.

These poems have no measured feet of iambus or trochee, but they possess the rhythmic cadence of *vers libre*. With this liberty, Swamiji sweeps through heaven and earth, expressing his thoughts in equally sweeping lines, each one pregnant with meaning. And the language is suited to the subject : it is rich in figures, tropes and symbols.

To the discerning eye, there is a sequence in these poems. The first one, *The Angel in Tears*, gives a simple description of the common lot of human beings. Grief

or sorrow is common to all. When it appears putting its 'harsher mood aside,' men may find relief by some simple means—by hearing a song or offering a prayer. But when the Soul is in agony, or the brain is on fire, nothing can bring solace, unless men shed tears in deep distress to supplicate the eternal love and grace of God.

The next two poems—'*The Angel in Veil and on Wings*' and '*The Angel in Showers*'—bereft of their symbolic language describe the miserable condition of men who live in places, 'cribbed, cabined and confined'; and of those who are troubled with a burning thirst. They make vain efforts to find happiness in artificial ways of living and in the satisfaction of animal appetites. These poems come to their rescue. They contain the definite assurance that as soon as men renounce gross materialism, turn to the spiritual side of life and fervently invoke the mercy of God, they find His Grace descend in showers to slake their thirst, and His own Theme and Rhyme abide in them.

In the next poem, *The Oarman's Pilot*, the scene changes but the subject of man's faithlessness continues. It is now a boatman 'sailing o'er life's solemn main.' He rows his boat and trusts his own brawn and brain. He has not yet the faith to trust his Pilot

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who is there in his own boat to take him to the destined haven. But the next poem,—*Everlasting Love, Loveliness and Light*—shows him in a better and a blessed condition. He has by now seen the Light of God. He has realised what Everlasting Love is. He has learnt to repose his trust in Him. So he has now the faith to say that with the eye of God on him 'his bark adrift cannot come to grief.'

With these glimpses and experiences, he opens his eyes and sees the world in a new light. He becomes aware of the fleeting and the lasting aspects of things. He understands what the poet says, 'concluding the poem—*Never Elude, Never Delude*—

—'The seeking eye, the sensing touch you may
elude,....

—The lead of feeling, finding spirit you dare not.'

There is a change in his outlook now. The objective world with its allurements and fascinations is gone. He is now in tune with the Master and sees how all things in heaven and earth respond to the Master's music. When the Master plays upon 'His Starry Lyre,' a thrill of joy passes through the tiny 'nameless' flowers that grow upon this earth. The music of the heavenly spheres sets them dancing in

joy as the same life (in 'song' and in 'light') runs through flower and star.

As this mystic sense deepens he realises that 'every blade of grass is frightful with meaning.' Indeed, there is nothing useless or insignificant. The poet says in '*Great and Small*'—'The meanest, poorest part is part of the Supreme Theme Sublime.... The lowliest particle is epitome of all the Wonder and Mystery Creation is.'

The next poem, *Question and Answer*,—strikes the same mystic note. Here Swamiji speaks of the little dew-drop on a straw and 'the Expanding Universe, in the same core scheme is knit.' He also expresses the view—'here and there, great and small, gather as twins round one Mother Meaning.' He once more realises how the atom is all the world in miniature; how the ocean gathers into the drop; and finally concludes—'It is the unfathomed Immense of Significance where both star and straw their import receive.'

When a man has gained this insight into the meaning of every object around him, he is in a fit attitude to go deeper and feel the presence of God. His experiences of vision are followed by those of audition. He hears his Master's *Flute of Silence* in the depths of his heart. He perceives, in the words of Rabindranath

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Tagore, that the light of His music illumines the world ; the life breath of His music runs from sky to sky ; the holy stream of His music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on. Swamiji says that the Master's flute trills, in notes of silence ; the rapture that fills the heart of the world with heavenly joy. 'And, presently, from the fecund fulness of Muse's unspoken rapture, winds draw their first fill of breath, birds their first thrill of song, and ripples their virgin cadence of kiss.' So the poet's prayer is that he may be 'attuned with the nectar-flow of the Master's music.'

Now comes Sri Krishna, the culminating vision of the mystic's *Sadhana*, his ankle-bells tinkling and his flute producing divine music. The devotee says : 'When at my door his bells in measure rhymed, creation in unison thrilled with its refrain.' He is dying to kneel before the Life of his life in the inner sanctuary ; and his longing, yearning heart cries out—'Wherever, whatever I be, let every fibre of me His Measure's broadening, deepening resonance feel.'

When God in His glory appears, a prayer of itself comes from the heart of the worshipper. The next poem—*Pledge me my Master*—is, therefore, a prayer, which is, in the words of the mystics, the practice of the Presence. The poet now prays with all the

earnestness of heart, and in all meekness, giving himself up to his Master in total surrender, that he may have His Grace to feel His Presence in every action and condition of his life, in joy and sorrow, in life and death,—‘so that in dying embers when he lies to die, His Immortal spark may from the ashes bring life anew.’

The last poem—*The Necklace of Gems*—completes the prayer, expressing his heart’s desire in the Middle Moon. Swamiji (whose name means the ‘Inmost Dweller’ in all things) has made a garland with these “starry beads” of poems, twelve in number. But one may ask : What is to be the “Middle Moon” ? In plain words, what is the ‘core idea’ and the foremost, pointed appeal in these poems ? To give a telling and succinct answer, one can do hardly better than quote and conclude with the last four lines of the poem—

My thoughts, my feelings, my deeds,
 May like stars of gem be in lusture pure ;
 May single devotion join each to each the
beads,
 And Thy own Love be the Middle Moon, sure !

C. C. Chatterjee

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THE ANGEL IN TEARS

Small is the fire : gently it licks and burns
low :
You can put it out with a modest blow of
breath or a mild rub of toe.
But when it burns deep with raging, leaping,
devouring flame,
The blasting mouth or the striking hand can
never the fiery Dragon tame.
Turn a running spring of water on : and,
in the ashes droops its dire, dreaded hood !
It's Nature's own magic, simple and sure,
to curb her elements when they are unruly
and crude.
Nature's miracle works broad—not *there*
alone : it works, *here* too, when you writhe
on a pyre alive ;
When no soft, easy cheers can heart's thrill
restore and spirit revive.

For a simple unhearty throb or uneasy ache,
a sermon, a song, a service may apply a
soothing balm,
But when in consuming agony it burns, nothing
but kindly, concording tears can calm.
And remember, your tears never mingle with
Angel's kindly tears, never to light lead
and bring solace,
Till your 'core' melts in concording commune
with His own shower of music in eternal
Love and Grace !

Open'st thou the window—for a fresh, light,
ample draught of God's air ;
But the inrush of a fouler surrounding hell
makes thee close it again !
In thy gasping throes, the nodding meadow
green, the calling ocean blue, yon accosting
hilly grey bid thee not despair,—
Thee with them : ah ! the stifling fog is now
ozone pure that warms and thaws Life's
frozen fountain !



The fog that smothers life in stuffy creature
 crowd, in God's own virgin creation, is
 Brooding Angel that revives ;
 Liest thou on Nature's lap as a full-blooded,
 bright, healthy child !
 The heavy, shrouding pall is now the golden
 halo of hallowed Grace that all creation
 imbibes, by which it thrives ;
 And, when refreshed on Mother's knees,
 lookest thou up, thine joy and amazement
 both run wild !

The Angel nursing in golden veil,
 Is now the Angel brooding on spread wings,
 Soaring high at Heaven's call :
 The Kindness that embraces and caresses
 here below,
 Has risen to shed blessedness deep and wide !
 She with her veiled robe sponged thy limbs,
 When they in fever ached and burnt ;
 Now as Winged Mercy, her shower
 On thy thirsty, suffering soul shall fall :

And when the Twain shall join kindred
Earth and Heaven,
One as Life inhaling, Other as Love fulfilling,
God's own Theme and Rhyme shall in
thee abide !



THE ANGEL IN SHOWERS

That ditch yonder is dirty and shallow,
Yet it's your drinking pool whene'er you are
thirsty ;

It dries up, and bares its bed of stinky clay
below,

But the edge of desire is keen as ever, never
flat, never rusty.

Time and again, false, alluring, unrelenting
Hope

Draws you ; makes you put your joined palms,

Soiled and empty, on the muddy mirage ;
You feel the wrench, but can't unfasten
The tie sinister of the spell-entwined witch's
rope ;

And, all the while, unawares, deeper you sink
In the wily sands of the intriguing camouflage !
But Fortune may unbind whom Fate enchains ;



The tightening noose round your neck snaps
and falls ;
You breathe free and full : turn right about
In quest of wider, fresher fields.
With disillusionment yearning grows ;
To broader, ampler, more generous sources,
haunts it calls :

That lake open, brimful of water sweet ;
That friendly stream rippling soft music
nearby ;
The yonder spring that renewing tone and
flowing freshness yields !
Go you to those resorts unbooked, showing
no privileged pass :
Have your share ample of soothing drink
and bath.
But even these may fail when fulfilment
is yet far off :
The rain-god is not in humour perhaps :
Sets in long-drawn, dreary drought :

And when all is but desert arid,
To moisten your burning lips
There's precious little or poor, absolute
naught !
In the sands you sink a well deep :
Its life-stream raised aloft fills you with life
anew.

By cruel tantalizing Despair pursued,
Sinking in fatigue sheer you have struck
The sure rock-bottom spring, your own
home life-line at last !

But rest not for good assured :
Thro' causes, uncanny and deep,
You miss or miscarry perchance, that
life-line too !

When the spell of outer illusion breaks,
Self's own delusion with lid

May cover Outflowing Golden Vase :
 Self's right divine to Eternal Life
 Becomes ego's benumbing blight,
 When ego's Gordian knot lets no life-blood
 in fluent concourse pass.

And when this happens, where else to turn
 But to the Sea—the Mystery immense,
 unfathomed ?

And, and on its lone beach you stand—aghast !
 Too vast, too majestic, too profound !
 Too overwhelmingly lavish in its gift of
 molten gem of blue !

And, for you un-attuned, that, too, turns
 insufferable salt !

Its charging breakers your quest's courage
 break ;

Its ceaseless thunders your thirst's ardour halt.
 No : the Sea, Immense and Unfathomed,

as such
 Serves not what in last anguish you desire :

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Yet, lose not heart, thirsty, weary pilgrim !
In yearning's utter extreme, a Miracle shall
yet save :
Unbounded benevolence, mercy unmeasured,
shall be churned.

And as winged Angel shall rise,
To where Heavenly Grace beckons !
Shall shape willing, warm Omnipresence,
As prone, eager compassionate Cloud,
Descending High, brooding Sublime !
And when Heaven, as Grace incarnate,
pours its love
In consoling, caressing showers down on Earth,
Earth no consuming thirst reckons.

THE OARMAN'S PILOT

The Current is keen and not with thee,
The Wind is fickle and no ally,
The Waves are wild and unruly ;
Thou putttest all the ardour and strength
of thy heart
Into the plying oars in thy hands :

Serene and Calm, with his gaze
On the looming 'haven of thy Quest,
Thy Pilot at the helm smiles benignly and
assuringly :
But with thy aching brawn and sweated brow,
Thou heed'st not his kindly, cheering demands !

Lookest back on thy shoulder :
Seest a heavy pall of blinding mist ahead ;
And hear'st no welcoming call of Hope's
nearing footfall ;
Freezes thy warm heart's blood, listless thy
pulse sinks :

How, again, my bark adrift
 In a shoreless, chartless, treacherous sea,
 Can come to grief, when Thy look divine,
 Like the steady, unmissable Polar Star,
ever loves to shed
 Its guiding and saving lustre on me !

Lotus in maiden blush morn's mist may veil :
In full bloom she looks up to the beaming Sun.
Lone morning star in silvering dawn may pale :
Its robe of glory in Sun-set gold is spun.

Song passes : echo in softening cadence longs ;
Fragrance fades : aroma in intriguing spell
augments ;

Shower's over : bejewelling dew to blossoms
and buds belongs ;
Candle's out : thro' window the Polar Star
compliments.

Sigh heaves and leaves : nostrils' vital breath
remains ;

Tear trickles and dries : the juice of life flows ;
 Laughter dies in flutter : smile its ripple
 in joy retains ;

Sorrow goes with morrow : in yearning
throes soul grows : in sublime sadness
its divinity shows.

Pluck the flower : its petals fade, fall out :
Water the roots : it comes out in buds anew ;
Seal the spring : for a drop in vain you
run about :
Strike a running vein : supply never bids
adieu !

The seeking eye, the sensing touch you may
elude,
But throbbing heart, yearning soul you
cannot ;
Dreaming desire, caressing care you may
delude,
The lead of feeling, finding spirit you
dare not !

IN TUNE WITH THEE, O MASTER

Leaden is silence when you are out of tune,
And the playing finger is jarring and marring
display ;

Golden is silence when you are put in tune,
And a touch conjures heavenly choir on relay !
(choir's home relay)

Brazen is play's eloquence,
When it strikes only the base alloy ;
It's silvern and sweetness in quintessence,
When it's His own Rhyme rendered in joy !

It's wayward or dumb when *you* call for a tune,
Has no meaning to tell when for sense you
insist ;

It's the very soul of Melody when you are in
commune, (when your self you attune,)
It's Light unveiled when in His Theme you
subsist.

When its strings you strain, knobs you turn,
Strings snap, are in tangle ; knobs creak ;
But when they from Master's Hand to you
return,
Not a tremor or strain of tune in unlovely,
jerky shriek !

The starry creation is Thy Own lyre, Master !
In tune yon nameless flower in meekness
thrills ;
Man, the acme of creation, only in his
surrender,
Renders in rapport Thy Song, and truly
Thy Light reveals !

The imposing splendour of snowy robe
 eminence I applaud : but kick at the
 crouching lion that supports majesty's
 grandeur throne,
 And mock the little moody spring that knows
 not to humour how !
 Yet great and small from the flimsiest
 appearing mask I tell ;
 In sooth, the meanest, poorest part is part of
 the Supreme Theme sublime.
 'What's there is here : what's not here is
 nowhere'—rings the bell,
 When the meanest worm crawls on the board
 to say its (unnoted) feeblest rhyme !
 The brightest star is akin to the icicle pattern
 on your window pane ;
 The lowliest particle is epitome of all the
 Wonder and Mystery Creation is :
 'Acme of creation' : utter not this in a light,
 haughty vein,
 Unless His light shows you the core divine, and
 His love knits you to a worm that breathes.



QUESTION AND ANSWER

Morn's drop of dew on yon nodding blade
of grass :

'What are you ?'—I ask, but no telling
intimate answer let its tiny lips pass !

Its jewelled dancing fingers yet point all
round and above :

What it means—I wonder : ah ! it's the wind
of my own vital breath ; the light and
warmth of my life and love.

The same question I put to the veiled glory
of Milky Way ;

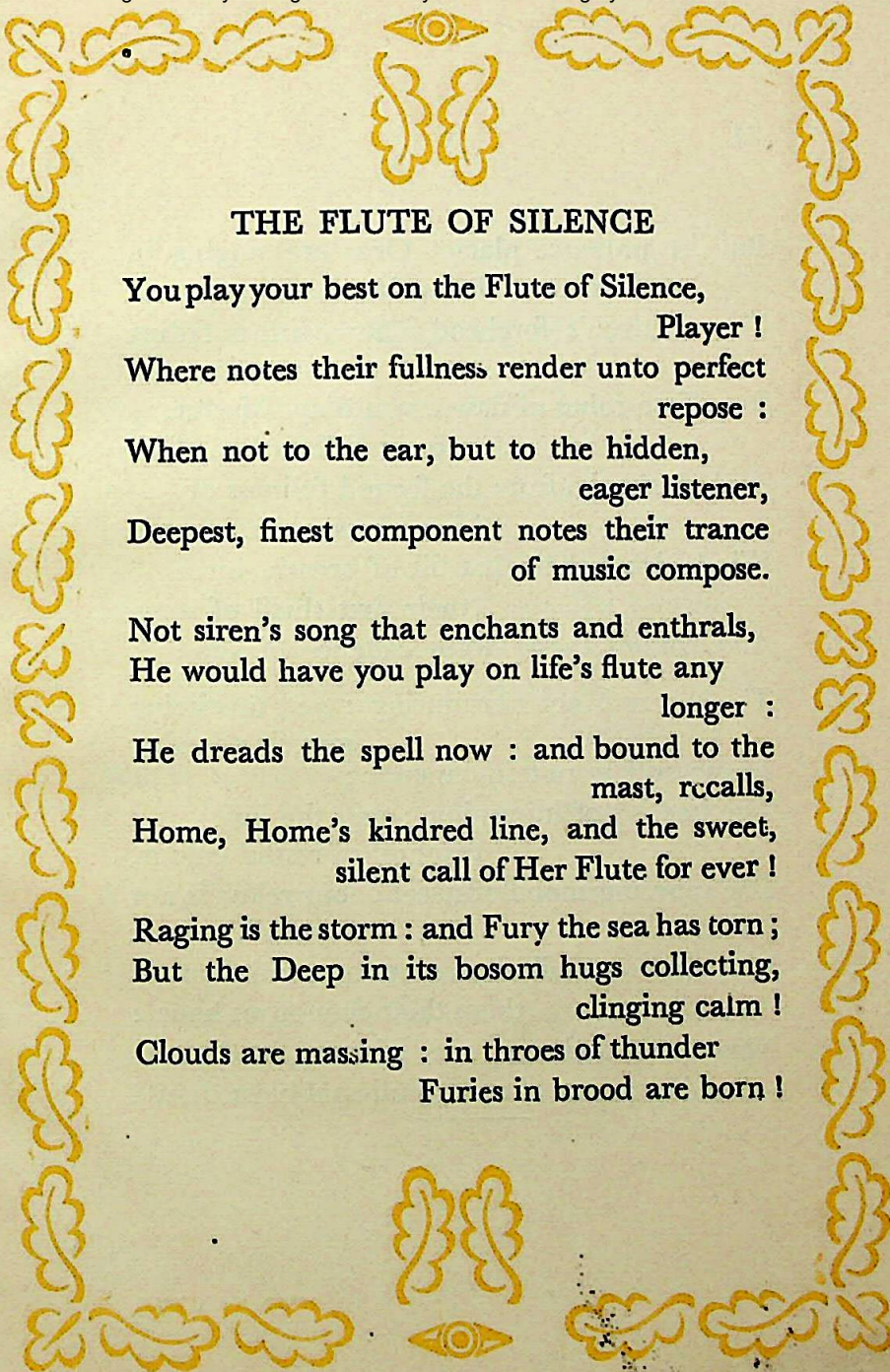
And tho' thins its veil when with gazer's
glass its feature I portray,

And tho' its answer rendered in measure of
mass and moment me appals,

Have I read the kindred message its unseen
finger on the roll of my inside scrolls ?

Yet like the little vanishing drop on straw, the
Expanding Universe, in same core scheme
is knit, its being has in same root becoming !

It is *here* that the Ocean gathers into the
drop : dimensions, all and nil, marry ;
It's the unfathomed Immense of Significance
where star and straw both their import
receive, their commerce carry !



THE FLUTE OF SILENCE

You play your best on the Flute of Silence,
Player !
Where notes their fullness render unto perfect
repose :
When not to the ear, but to the hidden,
eager listener,
Deepest, finest component notes their trance
of music compose.

Not siren's song that enchants and enthrals,
He would have you play on life's flute any
longer :
He dreads the spell now : and bound to the
mast, recalls,
Home, Home's kindred line, and the sweet,
silent call of Her Flute for ever !

Raging is the storm : and Fury the sea has torn ;
But the Deep in its bosom hugs collecting,
clinging calm !
Clouds are massing : in throes of thunder
Furies in brood are born !

LET EVERY FIBRE OF ME FEEL

The early come-out buds in my lonely bower
Are in tense mood to offer dance in colour
and perfume ;

Daybreak calls in twittery tones : are you
awake, O my usher ?

Show me in where my Player His loveliest
measure is now to resume !

All nightlong has been a torture in
nightmare !

Will it not break now—when He is donning
His bells of beloved tune ?

Sweated bosom in relieving gladness heaves :
now beware !

Whilst I wait and wander out, lest my waiting
worry's lag make His sweetest strain jejune !

It has been so, insufferably so, alas ! time and
again !

Place or time lets me in or keeps me out ;
Plot may close me up in the middle or to
the end me develop ;
Wherever, whatever I be, let every fibre of
me His Measure's broadening, deepening
resonance feel !

PLEDGE ME, MY MASTER!

When you sow me as a seed in a shallow,
 swampy pool,
Pledge me your Light—that, on supple stem,
 I shoot up into your shining, cheering thrill ;
And when dancing ripples come my opening,
 warming petals to kiss and cool,
Promise me again, that my lotus core with
 your sweetest honey you fill !

When with your plough the fallow wilderness
you break and till,
Pledge me your Care—that rank, noxious
weeds do not grow and abound ;
And when with your friendly hand the low,
mischievous roots you kill,
Promise me again that wished-for harvest
be ample good and sound !

When from a crevice in granite rock I trickle
poorly as a spring,

Pledge me your Lead—that the little rill of
Me, as broadening, deepening stream shall
flow ;

And when your bounteous showers across
soaking sands and arresting mounds my
current bring,

Promise me again, that my summing surrender
unto the Sea be not tardy, hesitant or low !

When as ponderous fog I brood in stupor
o'er marshy heath,

Pledge me your Lift—that on yon towering
hill as a showery cloud I rise ;

And when scattering wind or absorbing heat
from your High Throne you command
beneath,

Promise me again—that my shower stagnation's stupor break, and drought's dreary plan revise !

When under pall of smoke in dying embers
I lie to die,

Pledge me your Immortal Spark—that
smouldering ashes be the chosen fuel of
life anew ;
And when from your Store you feed the flame
leaping to your Love's Glory high,
Promise me for the last again—that the Flame
be yours in love and in good, and no evil of
hate or spite it brew !

You make a necklace of choicest gems :
Have you in hand the golden thread to put
 together the starry beads ?
Have you, again, a spell of touch of what is
 to be the Middle Moon,
Spotless and entire, yet, the thread thro' it,
 it leads !
Do you find in your yet-unopened closet,
 inlaid shone
Treasure Casket, and know the *mantram* to
 open it how ?
If verily so, why indeed, not come and make
 your own,
The Priceless Wonder, which the mightiest
 aspire to own and avow !
My thoughts, my feelings, my deeds,
May like stars of gem be in lustre pure !



May single devotion join each to each the beads,
And Thy own Love be the Middle Moon, sure !

NOTES

(By *Swamiji*)

The wise speak of the Mystic Vase (of Truth) covered with a 'Lid of Gold': and they pray that the Supreme Revealer may remove the 'lid' so that vision is obtained into Truth where all meaning co-inheres. In these poems it has been called the 'Mother Meaning' round which gather 'here and there', 'great and small', and so on, as 'twins'. For this end, one must 'question and know what the Inmost Dweller in us and everywhere tells.' It is with this 'key' that the casket of riddles has been sought to be opened in some of these poems, and the underlying ideas laid bare. The underlying or 'central ideas' are there, and have to be found, in different 'layers', however: it is necessarily so with words or symbols having an intensive mystic import. An 'outer' meaning drops a cue that, if followed, leads into an 'inner' and 'deeper' one; and it is a quest which is both intriguing and engaging. It is also unending perhaps. As for instance, the oft-used symbols of the 'Flute', 'Ankle-bell', 'Lone Bower' etc., obviously mean *Him* (the 'Divine Cow-herd'); but they may have, to appropriately attuned spiritual 'subjects', an 'impersonal and unembodied' super-aesthetic appeal also. To them, these are 'code words' which they may decipher in their own way and own terms.

THE ANGEL IN SHOWERS

(Central Idea)

The principal critical phases or 'epochs' ('mutations') in the evolution of self-consciousness and their expression in practical life adaptations are shown here. First, the 'animal self'—self-centred and self-regarding existence, which does not commonly rise above the sensuous matter level. It seeks sense pleasure, but is cheated out of it by the means it employs to attain it. It is like pursuing a 'muddy mirage' when you are thirsty.

The pursuit of the eluding chimera not only disappoints, but 'all the while, unawares, you sink deeper in the wily sands', the more you try and toil to run after it. If, however, 'Fortune unbinds whom Fate enchains', the animal self grows and expands into 'social and human self'—other-regarding, broad, free and serviceable. It is now a life of genial social contacts, of cordial human fellowship. The 'ditch' has given place to the 'lake open', etc. But even these may dry up, and 'leave you in the fiery lurch in the aftermath' if such life be pursued without assuring inspiration from 'High' or from 'Within'—that is to say, as an out-door, objective life which has not derived its charter and sanction from Master Spiritual Self (Antaratman). So, in the midst of the unsatisfying, fatiguing distractions of objective life, you cannot but feel the basic need of a search for your 'own home life-line'; and, you 'sink a well deep when all is but desert arid !'. But you

cannot rest assured for good : 'through causes, uncanny and deep', even your 'rock-bottom home supply' may fail. The Subjective Self, also, has its delusions and discomfitures. It may 'with Lid cover the Outflowing Golden Vase'—which is everlasting Light, Love and Bliss. The pure shining Substance is veiled and diffracted, when, and so long as, the ego-reference in us dominates. Then, Self's 'right to Life Divine becomes Ego's benumbing blight' !

'When this happens, where else to turn but to the Sea—the Mystery unfathomed ?'

The Sea is Reality, immense and un-explored : and though 'overwhelmingly lavish in its gift of the molten gem of blue', it turns 'insufferable salt' to the 'unattuned'. True poets and mystic seers are, or ought to be, 'in tune' but rare are they in all times. The approach of Physical Science and of Metaphysics, oftener than not, leads into a blind alley : logical *impasse*. Hence, 'its charging breakers Quest's courage break'. So, the Sea *as such* does not serve your end. 'Yet lose not heart, thirsty, weary pilgrim' ! Your soul's yearning and aspiration, if sincere, will make the Sea gather itself as a 'compassionate Cloud' and rise ; and, as Heaven's Grace and Mercy incarnate, pour on you its kindly showers ; and make your life here on earth grow the richest and noblest harvest of 'the devoutly to be wished-for' fulfilment (consummation).

NEVER ELUDE, NEVER DELUDE

(Central Idea)

The end of human pursuit is commonly one that stimulates our surface being and has an objective sense appeal as distinguished from one that may interest and engage the 'inner core' in us—heart, soul and spirit. But nothing of value endures unless it engages and abides with the 'Inmost Dweller' in us. What falls on the surface and is merely reflected from it without going deeper, leaving its 'gloss' outside, is elusive and delusive. While this underlying idea has been clearly expressed in the last stanza of the poem, pointed attention may be drawn to the words—

'the lead of feeling, finding spirit' in the last line, which mean that to get rid of what only eludes and deludes, one must first feel in one's heart of heart the call of the spirit to the 'blessed land', and then find one's way to it in the light of opening and deepening spiritual experience.

In this 'feeling and finding' quest of the spirit, four vital stages have to be passed. Some lovely or valued object is veiled or obscured for the time being : but we should not fret, worry or despair. We should remember that Nature makes things come and go, wax or wane, shine or pale, according to a basic scheme that works in rhythms and cycles. So one should not only hold one's soul

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in patience, but raise it to a point of responsive alertness when the wished-for thing may return renewed and reconditioned. In the second stanza, this waiting alertness is succeeded by a deep longing and yearning for what is of essential value and of lasting appeal in the midst of fleeting, superficial changes of time, place or condition. The following lines written in verse may make clearer the underlying note in the second stanza :—

Echo recalls the passing song, and longs for the song
eternal ;

Aroma carries on the fading fragrance, and enlivens,
sweetens and deepens ;

Dew moistens and adorns the bathed, dried buds, when
shower its work has finished overall ;

The steady Celestial Light thro' window compliments,
that when the stuffy candle is out, for its brief flicker one
not mourns :

'Your will-o'-the-wisp is gone, beloved ! now the
Light of my Love unfailing to your lone bosom hastens !'

In the third stanza, longing and yearning for the everlasting has deepened and settled as a positive feeling and inner perception, as something not only to be devoutly wished-for, but cherished above all and assured against all odds. The fourth stanza shows when and how this is to be done.

PLEDGE ME, MY MASTER

(Central Idea)

In the opening stanza, the emphasis is pronounced and laid on the inner urge or subjective yearning of the aspiring soul to rise and unfold into perfect Light, Loveliness and Joy with the pledge of His Own Light and promise of His Love to the lowliest 'seed' sown in the obscurest conditions of beginning. In the second stanza, the emphasis without being shifted from the 'seed' itself, is divided evenly between the 'seed' and the 'soil', and shows how the two work together as co-partners for the wished-for harvest under the pledge of His kindly Care and His ample Assurance.

In the third, the picture of the 'seed and soil' changes into that of the 'spring and stream'. The emphasis here is not on unfolding and fructifying as before; but on moving, flowing, overflowing (overcoming), fulfilling or consummating. It is life that makes its 'channels' through more or less alien, uncongenial assignment of conditions; but, in the end, fulfils itself with the pledge of His all-powerful Lead, and the promise of His all-absorbing (embracing) Acceptance.

In the fourth, the *plane* as well as the *nature* of the 'move' is changed. What begins as a 'ponderous fog', now rises above to become the 'showery cloud'. Aspiration no longer clings heavily to this common earthly plane of

ours : it soars high above. The Ideal now draws and lifts the Actual ; and the two marry to become the Real. He pledges His Lift as Mercy and promises His Grace as Redemption—'stagnation's stupor break' etc.

In the last stanza, the 'final' of the 'game of life' here below is reviewed. Is it destined to be death dismal, and nothing beyond ? It may so appear ; but He gives His pledge that the 'Spark Immortal' shall make 'smouldering (but aspiring) ashes the chosen fuel of life anew' ; that He feeds the 'fire' from His Own Store, and His promise for the 'last' is to make the Flame leaping to His Glory High, His Own in 'love and in good'.

UNDERLYING MEANING : (The Angel in Veil and on Wings).

Stuffy . . room—Common life steeped in material, animal enjoyment.

Fog's heavy pall—The dull, depressing, fatiguing 'fed up' feeling of such life.

Surrounding hell—Common social, 'party' or club life, etc. Merely objective, out-door life divorced from subjective inspiration and endorsement.

Nodding meadow etc.—The openness, freshness, joy and vitality of 'Life in Nature and according to Nature'. This is 'ozone pure' that warms and thaws etc.

Nursing Angel (in Veil)—God's Kindness (as 'open air golden fog') that makes us inhale a pure and good, simple and vigorous breath of life here below.

Showering Angel (on Wings)—God's Own Grace, Own Mercy which must descend as Life Divine to shed blessedness on the soul, deep and wide.

